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FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR BOOK I



CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY



LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BOOK ONE

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Illustrated by Frederick A. Nagler

FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING IN
THE FIRST AND SECOND GRADES

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STANFORD JUNIOR CHICKEN LITTLE

Once upon a time there was a tiny, tiny chicken, and her name was Chicken Little.

One day Chicken Little was scratching in the garden where she should not have been, and a bit of a rose leaf fell upon her tail.

"Oh!" cried Chicken Little, "the sky is falling. I must go and tell the king."

So Chicken Little went and she went, and she met Henny Penny.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Henny Penny.

"Oh, Henny Penny," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling, and I must go and tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?" asked Henny Penny.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you to the king," said Henny Penny.

So they ran along together, and they met Ducky Daddles.

"Where do you travel so fast?" asked Ducky Daddles.

"Oh, Ducky Daddles," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling! Henny Penny and I go to tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?" asked Ducky Daddles.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you to the king," said Ducky Daddles.

So they ran along together, and they met Goosey Loosey.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"Oh, Goosey Loosey," said Chicken

Little, "the sky is falling! Henny Penny and Ducky Daddles and I go to tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling, Chicken Little?" asked Goosey Loosey.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you," said Goosey Loosey.

So they ran along together, and they met Turkey Lurkey.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"Oh, Turkey Lurkey," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling! Henny Penny and Ducky Daddles and Goosey Loosey and I go to tell the king."

"How do you know that the sky is falling?" asked Turkey Lurkey.

"I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with



So they ran along together and they met Fox Lox.

my ears, and a bit of it fell upon my tail," said Chicken Little.

"I will go with you to the king," said Turkey Lurkey.

So they ran along together, and they met Fox Lox.

"Where do you travel so fast, Chicken Little?" asked Fox Lox.

"Oh, Fox Lox," said Chicken Little, "the sky is falling, and we go to tell the king."

"Do you know the way to the king's house?" asked Fox Lox.

"No," said Chicken Little.

"No," said Henny Penny.

"No," said Ducky Daddles.

"No," said Goosey Loosey.

"No," said Turkey Lurkey.

"Then come with me and I will show you," said Fox Lox.

So he led them all into his den, and there he ate them.

LITTLE HALF CHICK.

A long, long time ago there was a black hen who had a large brood of chickens.

They were all plump little birds, except the youngest. He was not like the other twelve.

They were fluffy, downy little chicks. This chick had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and one ear, and half of a bill and half of a tail.

His mother shook her head when she looked at him.

"You are only a Little Half Chick," she said.

But in spite of having only one leg, Little Half Chick loved to run away. When the family went out to walk, he would hide. When his good mother called him he said he did not hear, because he had only one ear.

One day he went up to his mother in the barnyard, hoppity-kick, and he said:

"Mother, I am tired of this farm. I am going off to Madrid to see the king."

"To Madrid!" said his mother. "Oh, you silly chick, it is too far. Stay at home, and some day, when you are bigger, I will take you."

But Little Half Chick had made up his mind. Off he went along the road that led to Madrid.

As he went along he took a short cut which led through a field and he came to a brook. The brook was so choked with weeds that it could not flow.

"Oh, Little Half Chick, help me!" it cried. "Pull out my weeds!" it called, as Little Half Chick hopped along the bank.

"Help you, indeed!" cried Little Half Chick, shaking the feathers in his little half tail; "help yourself. I'm off to Madrid to see the king."

Chick; "help yourself. I'm off to Madrid to see the king."

And hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away went Little Half Chick in great glee.

Now he saw the roofs and steeples of Madrid ahead. When he came to the town he saw a splendid castle with soldiers before the gates.

"This must be the king's house," said Little Half Chick. "I have come to rule the king's poultry yard."

But alas! As soon as the king's cook saw Little Half Chick hopping through the gates, he said:

"Just what I wanted for the king's dinner," and he caught Little Half Chick and popped him into the broth-pot. The broth-pot was full of water.

"Water, water," cried Little Half Chick, "do not wet me so!"

"Ah," cried the water, "when I was in trouble you would not help me."

And the water bubbled and boiled around Little Half Chick.

"Fire, fire, do not cook me," cried Little Half Chick.

"Ah!" cried the fire, "when I was in trouble you would not help me."

And the fire went on cooking Little Half Chick.

Just then the wind came down the chimney to see what all the noise in the king's kitchen was about. Little Half Chick called:

"Wind, wind, come and help me!"

"Ah!" cried the wind, "when I was in trouble you would not help me; but come."

Then the wind lifted Little Half Chick out of the broth-pot and blew him out of the window.

Up and down the roads and over the roofs the wind whirled him, until Little Half Chick could scarcely breathe.

On and on they went, until they came to the highest steeple in all Madrid.

There the wind left Little Half Chick on the tip-top of the steeple. He stood on his one leg and looked off over the world with his one eye.

And there he stands today.

Whichever way the wind blows that way must Little Half Chick turn.

He can never step down, for Little Half Chick was the first weathercock.

THE SHEEP AND THE PIG.

One morning, bright and early, a sheep and a curly tailed pig started out through the world to find a home.

"We will build us a house," said the sheep and the curly tailed pig, "and there we will live together."

So they went a long, long way, until they came to a rabbit.

"Where are you going?" asked the rabbit of the two.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep and the pig.

"May I live with you?" asked the rabbit.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep and the pig.

The rabbit said: "I can gnaw pegs with my sharp teeth; I can put them in with my paws."

"Good!" said the sheep and the pig;
"you may come with us."

So the three went on, a long, long way farther, until they came to a gray goose.

"Where are you going?" asked the gray goose of the three.

"We are going to build us a house," said the sheep, the pig and the rabbit.

"May I live with you?" asked the gray goose.

"What can you do to help?" asked the sheep, the pig and the rabbit.

The gray goose said: "I can pull moss, and stuff it in the cracks with my broad bill."

"Good!" said the sheep, the pig and the rabbit; "you may come with us."

So the four went on, a long, long way, until they came to a barnyard cock.

"Where are you going?" asked the cock of the four.



They came to a barnyard cock.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

There were once three little pigs who started out in the world to seek what they could find. The first little pig met a man with a bundle of straw.

"Please, sir, give me that straw that I may build me a house," said the first little pig.

The man gave him the straw, and the little pig built him a house of it. Then along came an old wolf. He knocked at the door and he said :

'Little pig, little pig, let me come in.' But the little pig called out :

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the old wolf said : "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew down the house of straw, and he ate up the little pig.

The second little pig who went out in the world met a man with a bundle of twigs.

"Please, sir, give me those twigs that I may build me a house," said the second little pig.

The man gave him the twigs, and the little pig built him a house of them.

Then along came the old wolf, and he knocked at the door and said: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

But the little pig called out, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the old wolf said: "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew down the house of twigs, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig who went out in the world met a man with a wheelbarrow full of bricks.

"Please, sir, give me those bricks that

I may build me a house," said the third little pig.

The man gave him the bricks, and the little pig built him a house of them.

Then along came the old wolf. He knocked at the door, and he said: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

But the little pig answered: "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."

Then the old wolf said: "I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So the old wolf huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed again; but he could not blow the house down.

The house had been built of bricks.

When the old wolf found that he could not blow down the house, he said: "Little pig, do you like turnips? I can get you some."

"Where?" asked the little pig.

"In Mr. Smith's home-field," said the



“ Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in.”

wolf. "At six o'clock we will go there together and fetch home some turnips for dinner."

"Very well," said the little pig.

But the little pig went to the turnip field at five and got the turnips before the old wolf came at six. "Little pig," said the wolf, "are you ready?"

But the little pig said: "Ready? I have been, and come back again. I have a pot of turnips cooking over the fire."

Then the old wolf thought of another plan. He said to the little pig: "Little pig, do you like apples? I can show you a nice apple tree."

"Where?" asked the pig.

"Down at Merry-Garden," said the old wolf. "At five o'clock to-morrow we will go there and get a basket of apples."

The little pig went to Merry-Garden at four o'clock the next morning.

He was just coming back with a

peck of apples, when he saw the wolf in the road ahead of him.

The wolf called out to him: "Little pig, little pig, did you get to Merry-Garden first? What kind of apples are they?"

"Very sweet," said the little pig. "I will throw you one."

Then the little pig threw an apple to the wolf, and he threw it so far that the wolf had to run a long way to catch it, and the little pig got past him and safe home.

The next day the old wolf came again and he said to the little pig: "Little pig, shall we go to the fair this afternoon?"

"Oh, yes," said the little pig. "What time would you like to start?"

"At one o'clock," said the wolf.

The little pig went to the fair at twelve o'clock, and he bought a churn

for making butter. He was on his way home with it when he saw the wolf in the road just ahead of him.

"What shall I do?" he thought. Then he got into his butter churn to hide.

He turned it around, and around.

It went rolling, rolling down the hill.

This surprised the wolf so much that he went under a bush to hide.

The churn rolled on and on. The wolf looked out to see where it would stop.

Still the churn rolled on and on.

When it came to the little pig's house, out jumped the little pig and went inside and locked the door.

Then the wolf was in a great rage. He thought he would eat the little pig.

He ran down the hill and climbed on the roof. As he climbed down the chimney, the little pig heard him.



The little pig lighted his fire and hung his dinner-pot over it.

When the wolf dropped down the chimney the pig took off the cover of his pot.

That was the last of the old wolf, for the little pig ate him for supper.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

The cat and the mouse
Played in the malt-house.

The cat bit the mouse's tail off.

"Pray, Puss, give me my tail again."

"No," said the cat, "I will not give
you your tail again till you go to the
Cow and fetch me some milk."

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the Cow,
And thus began:

"Pray, Cow, give me some milk that
I may give to the Cat, so she may give
me my tail again."

"No," said the Cow, "I will give you
no milk till you go to the Farmer and
get me some hay."



"Pray, Farmer, give me some hay."

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the Farmer,
And thus began :

“Pray, Farmer, give me some hay
that I may give to the Cow, so she may
give me some milk that I may give to
the Cat, so she may give me my tail
again.”

“No,” said the Farmer, “I will give
you no hay till you go to the Butcher
and fetch me some meat.”

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the Butcher,
And thus began :

“Pray, Butcher, give me some meat
that I may give to the Farmer, so he

may give me some hay that I may give to the Cow, so she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"No," said the Butcher, "I will give you no meat till you go to the Baker and fetch me some bread."

First she leaped,
And then she ran,
Till she came to the Baker,
And thus began:

"Pray, Baker, give me some bread that I may give to the Butcher, so that he may give me some meat that I may give to the Farmer, so that he may give me some hay that I may give to the Cow, so that she may give me some milk that I may give to the Cat, so she may give me my tail again."

"Well," said the Baker,
I will give you some bread,
But don't eat my meal,
Or I'll cut off your head."

The Baker gave the mouse bread,
which she brought to the Butcher.

The Butcher gave the mouse meat,
which she brought to the Farmer.

The Farmer gave the mouse hay,
which she brought to the Cow.

The Cow gave the mouse milk, which
she brought to the Cat.

And the Cat gave the mouse her tail
again.

THE TRAVELS OF A FOX.

A Fox was digging behind a stump, and he found a bumblebee.

The fox put the bumblebee in a bag and he traveled.

The first house he came to he went in, and he said to the mistress of the house:

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep in the bag and out flew the bumblebee.

The rooster caught him and ate him up.

After a while the fox came back.

He took up his bag and he saw that his bumblebee was gone.

He said to the woman: "Where is my bumblebee?"

And the woman said: "I untied the bag, and the bumblebee flew out, and the rooster ate him up."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the rooster, then."

So he caught the rooster and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and he said to the mistress of the house:

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep into the bag, and the rooster flew out, and the pig caught him and ate him up.

After a while the fox came back.

He took up his bag and he saw that the rooster was not in it.

He said to the woman: "Where is my rooster?"

And the woman said: "I untied the bag and the rooster flew out, and the pig ate him."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the pig then."

So he caught the pig and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and he said to the mistress of the house:

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman took a little peep into





The woman took a little peep in the bag.

the bag and the pig jumped out, and the ox ate him.

After a while the fox came back.

He took up his bag and he saw that the pig was gone.

He said to the woman: "Where is my pig?"

And the woman said: "I just untied the bag and the pig jumped out, and the ox ate him."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the ox then."

So he caught the ox and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and he said to the mistress of the house:

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

But as soon as the fox was out of sight, the woman just took a little peep in the bag, and the ox got out, and the woman's little boy chased him away off over the field.

After a while the fox came back.

He took up his bag and he saw that his ox was gone.

He said to the woman: "Where is my ox?"

And the woman said: "I untied the string and the ox got out, and my little boy chased him away off over the fields."

"Very well," said the fox, "I must have the little boy then."

So he caught the little boy and put him in his bag, and traveled.

And the next house he came to he went in, and he said to the mistress of the house:

"May I leave my bag here while I go to Squintum's?"

"Yes," said the woman.

"Then be careful not to open the bag," said the fox.

The woman was making cake, and her children were asking for some.

"Oh, mother, give me a piece," said one. "Oh, mother, give me a piece," said the others.

And the smell of the cake came to the little boy who was crying in the bag. He heard the children asking for cake, and he said: "Oh, mammy, give me a piece."

Then the woman opened the bag and took the little boy out, and she put the house dog in the bag in the little boy's place.

And the little boy stopped crying and had some cake with the others.

After a while the fox came back.

He took up his bag and he saw that it was tied fast, so he put it over

his back and traveled far into the deep woods.

Then he sat down and untied the bag.

If the little boy had been there in the bag things would have gone badly with him.

But the little boy was safe at the woman's house, and when the fox untied the bag the house dog jumped out and ate him up.

THE ALARM CLOCK THAT WAS ALIVE.

There was a man, and he had a little rooster who had just learned to crow.

And when it came night the man said: "Now I will go to bed and have a good sleep."

And he went to bed and slept. And very early in the morning the little rooster came around to the front of the house.

He flapped his wings and crowed: "Kookeroo!"

And the man woke up and said to his wife: "What's that you said?"

And she woke up and said: "I did not speak. It must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you have waked me up."

So the man threw his hair brush

out of the window at the little rooster, and the little rooster ran away.

Then the man said: "Well, as long as I am up I will plant my garden." And he planted his garden.

But that night he shut the little rooster in the hen house and said: "Now I will have a long sleep."

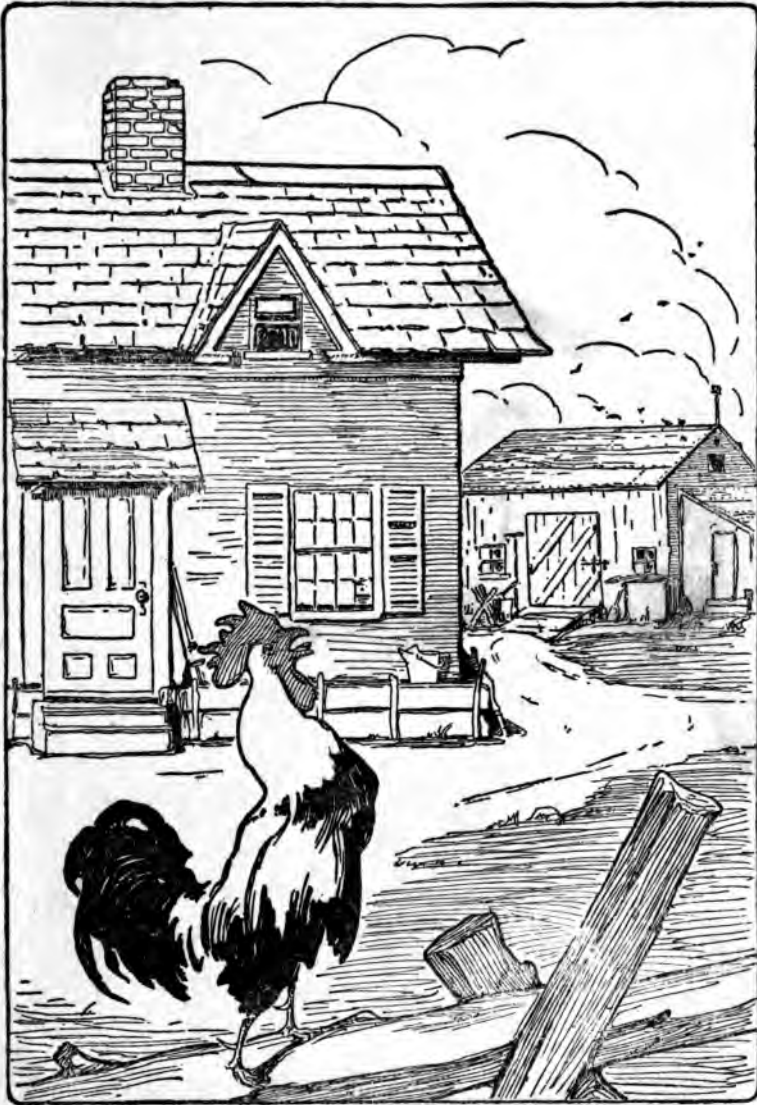
And he went to bed and slept. But very early in the morning the little rooster flew over the hen yard fence.

He ran around to the front of the house, and flapped his wings, and crowed: "Kookeroo!"

And the man woke up and said to his wife: "What's that you said?"

And she woke up and said: "I did not speak. It must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you have waked me up."

So the man threw his comb at



He flapped his wings, and crowed: "Kookeroo!"

48 THE ALARM CLOCK THAT WAS ALIVE

the little rooster, but the little rooster already had a comb, and he ran away.

Then the man said: "Well, as long as I am up I will weed my garden."

That night the man shut the little rooster in the hen house and tied him to the fence with a string.

Then he said: "Now I will have a long sleep."

And he went to bed and slept. But very early in the morning the little rooster bit the string in two, and flew over the hen yard fence.

He ran around to the front of the house and crowed: "Kookeroo!"

And the man woke up and said to his wife: "What was that you said?"

And she woke up and said: "I did not speak. It must have been the little rooster crowing; but now you have waked me up for the day."

So the man ran out and caught the

little rooster, and they had him for dinner.

That night the man went to sleep and he slept long and sound, for there was no little rooster to awaken him. And his wife slept as long as he, and dreamed pleasant dreams.

But the weeds grew in the garden and choked it.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

An old woman was sweeping her house and she found a little crooked sixpence.

"What," said she, "shall I do with this sixpence? I will go to the market and buy a little pig."

As she was coming home she came to a stile; the piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog:

"Dog, dog, bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the dog would not.

She went on a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said:



“Dog, Dog, bite pig.”

"Stick, stick, beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she
came to a fire. So she said:

"Fire, fire, burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she
came to some water. So she said:

Water, water, quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;



Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the water would not.
So she went a little farther, and she
met an ox. So she said:

"Ox, ox, drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the ox would not.
The old woman went a little farther,
and she met a butcher. So she said:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;

Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the butcher would not.
She went on a little farther, and she
met a rope. So she said:

"Rope, rope, tie butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

But the rope would not.
She went a little farther, and she
met a rat. So she said:



"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;
Rope won't tie butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Piggy won't get over the stile;
And I shall not get home to-night."

"I will," said the rat.
So the rat began to gnaw the rope.
The rope began to tie the butcher.
The butcher began to kill the ox.
The ox began to drink the water.
The water began to quench the fire.
The fire began to burn the stick.
The stick began to beat the dog.
The dog began to bite the pig.
The piggy jumped over the stile.
And the old woman really did get
home that night.

THE LITTLE RED HEN.

Once upon a time, in a wee little house, there lived a frog, a cat and a little red hen.

The frog was such a lazy frog he would do no work.

The cat was such a lazy cat she would do no work; so the little red hen had to do it all herself.

One morning she said: "Who will build the fire?"

"Not I," said the frog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"I will," said the little red hen, and she built a bright fire.

"Who will make a cake for breakfast?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the frog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"I will," said the little red hen, and she made a cake for breakfast. When

the cake was cooking by the fire the little red hen said: "Who will lay the table for breakfast?"

"Not I," said the frog.

"Not I," said the cat.

"I will," said the little red hen, and she laid the table.

She tried the cake with a broom straw, and took it from the fire. She put it on a warm plate, and started to carry it to the table.

The lazy frog was waiting for his breakfast.

The lazy cat was ready for her breakfast.

Then the little red hen said: "Who will eat this cake?"

"I will," said the frog.

"I will," said the cat.

"You are not going to have a bit," said the little red hen, and out the door she flew with the cake under her wing.





Out she flew with the cake under her wing.

Down the road she flew until at last she came to a sunny pasture on a side hill.

"Here," she said, "I will eat my cake."

Away over the hills that morning Papa Fox was awake. All his family were awake, too, teasing for their breakfast.

There was nothing in the little brown pantry for Mamma Fox or the baby foxes.

So Papa Fox started out to find something for them all.

On down the road he ran until he found a cool, dark forest on a side hill close to a sunny pasture.

"Surely I will find something here," he said, but he found no partridge or rabbit in the woods.

As he came to the pasture he said: "Oh, I smell fresh cake!" And then: "Oh, I smell a little red hen!"

And there was the little red hen eating her cake.

Softly Papa Fox stole up behind her. He grabbed her, and put her into the bag on his back.

Quickly Papa Fox ran off down the hill.

Then the little red hen was so frightened she could only whisper: "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Just then she thought she should sneeze. She put her claw in her pocket for her handkerchief. In pulling it out she dropped her scissors right in her lap.

As fast as she could she cut a little peek hole in the bag. Peeking out she saw a great hill just ahead, all covered with stones.

As Papa Fox went slowly up the hill she cut a big hole in the bag.

Out she jumped, and quickly put a big stone in the bag.

Straight up the hill went Papa Fox, and he thought the bag was heavy. He said: "She is a fat little red hen."

Mamma Fox met him at the front door. "Come in and put our breakfast in the kettle," she said, "the water is boiling."

So into the kettle Papa Fox emptied his bag.

Down into the water fell a great stone, splashing the water all over the kitchen.

If Papa Fox had not jumped he would have been burned.

Then Papa Fox said: "What is that?" and he went back and peeped in the kettle. Oh, how they laughed!

"I am glad the little red hen got away," said Papa Fox, as he brought in some turnips for breakfast.

After the little red hen was out of the bag she kept very quiet until the



fox was over the hill. Then she ran, and she flew, as fast as she could go.

It was night before she reached home.

As she flew into the garden she heard a deep voice say: "Oh, I wish the little red hen would come back," and that was the frog.

Then she heard a soft voice say: "Oh, I wish the little red hen would come back," and that was the cat.

"Here I am!" said the little red hen.

"I won't be lazy any more," said the frog, as he rubbed against her little yellow leg.

"I won't be lazy any more," said the cat, as she rubbed against the little red hen's wing.

And so the frog, the cat and the little red hen all worked together in the wee little house.

THE GINGERBREAD BOY.

There was once a little old woman and a little old man, who lived in a little old house in the woods.

They would have been happy but for one thing. They wanted a little boy, and they had none.

One morning when the little old woman was making gingerbread, she cut a cake in the shape of a little boy.

She dropped it into the pan, and put the pan in the oven. Then she opened the oven door to see if it were baked, but out jumped the gingerbread boy.

Away he ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

The little old woman called her husband.

They both ran after him, but they could not catch him. And the gingerbread

boy ran on until he came to a barn full of threshers.

As he went by the door he called to the threshers:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
And I can run away from you, I can."

Then the threshers set out to run after him. They ran very fast, but they could not catch him.

And the gingerbread boy hurried on until he came to a field full of mowers.

He called out to the mowers:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
And I can run away from you, I can."

Then the mowers set out to run after him, but they could not catch him.

And the gingerbread boy ran on and on, until he came to a cow.

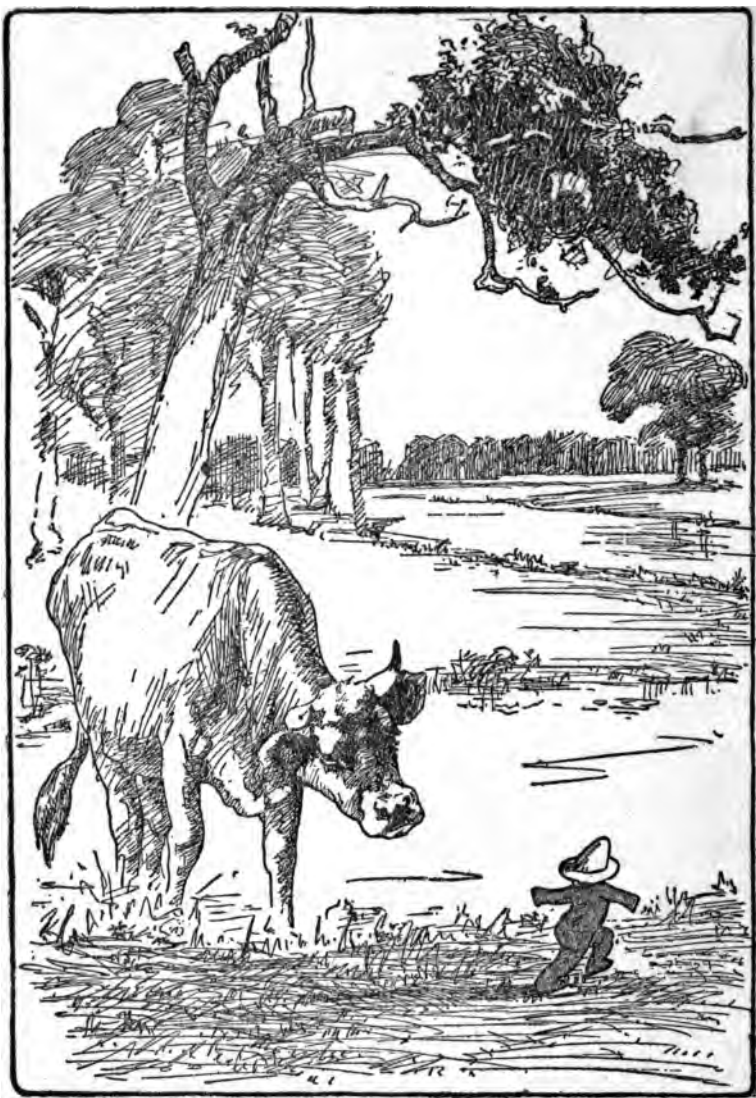
He called out to the cow:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
And I can run away from you, I can."

So the cow ran, but she could not catch the gingerbread boy, who ran on and on, until he met a fox.

He called out to the fox:

"I've run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A little old kettle,
A little old pan,
A barn full of threshers,



"I've run away from a little old woman."

A field full of mowers,
A cow,
And I can run away from you, I can."

A fox can run very fast. On and on ran the fox after the gingerbread boy until they came to a river. The fox was close behind.

"If you would like to go across," said the fox, "jump on my tail."

So the gingerbread boy jumped up on the fox's tail, and the fox began swimming across the river.

But he had gone only a short way when he called back to the gingerbread boy: "The water is deep, and we may drown! Jump on my back!"

So the gingerbread boy jumped on the fox's back.

The fox swam a little farther, and then called out: "The water grows deeper still. Jump on my nose!"



So the gingerbread boy jumped on the fox's nose.

Just then they reached the other bank. The fox opened his mouth wide and in went the gingerbread boy!

"Dear me!" the gingerbread boy said after a minute. "Here I am a quarter gone."

And then he said: "Now, I'm half gone!"

And then he said: "I am three quarters gone!"

But at last he said: "Oh, dear; am all gone!"

And he never spoke again.

THE THREE BEARS.

Once upon a time there were three bears who lived in a house of their own in a wood.

There was a small, wee bear. There was a middle-sized bear, and there was a great, huge bear.

They each had a pot for their porridge.

There was a little pot for the small, wee bear; a middle-sized pot for the middle-sized bear; and a great pot for the great, huge bear.

And they each had a chair.

There was a little chair for the small, wee bear; a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear; and a great chair for the great, huge bear.

And they each had a bed to sleep in.

There was a little bed for the small, wee bear; a middle-sized bed for the

middle-sized bear; and a great bed for the great, huge bear.

One morning the three bears left their breakfast porridge cooling in their porridge pots.

They walked out into the woods, that they might not burn their mouths by eating it too soon. And while they were walking, along came a little old woman to the house.

First she looked in the window. Then she peeped in the keyhole. And then, seeing no one inside, she lifted the latch.

The door was not fastened, for the bears thought every one in the world was as honest as they were.

So the little old woman opened the door and went in. She was pleased to see the porridge on the table.

If she had been a polite, honest little old woman she would have waited and asked the bears before she tasted.

She was not polite, and she helped herself.

First she tasted the porridge of the great, huge bear, and that was too hot for her.

Then she tasted the porridge of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her.

And then she tasted the porridge of the small, wee bear.

It was neither too hot nor too cold, and she ate it all up.

Then the little old woman went looking about the house to see what there was in it, and she came upon the three chairs.

So she sat down in the chair of the great, huge bear, and that was too hard for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her.

Then she sat down in the chair of the small, wee bear. It was neither too hard nor too soft, and there she sat until the bottom of the chair came right out. Plump she fell upon the ground.

Then the little old woman went up the stairs to the bears' bed chamber.

First she lay down upon the bed of the great, huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her.

Next she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized bear, but that was too low at the foot for her.

And last she lay down upon the bed of the small, wee bear, which was neither too high at the head nor too low at the foot.

So she pulled the covers over her head and went fast asleep.

By this time the three bears came home to their breakfast.

Now the little old woman had left the

poon of the great, huge bear standing
1 the porridge.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING
MY PORRIDGE," said the great, huge
bear in his great, huge voice.

Then the middle-sized bear looked at
his bowl.

"Somebody has been eating my porridge,"
said the middle-sized bear in his middle-
sized voice.

Then the small, wee bear looked at
his bowl, which was quite empty, and he
said, in his small, wee voice:

*"Somebody has been eating my porridge, and has
eaten it all up."*

Then the three bears, seeing that
some one had eaten all the porridge
of the small, wee bear, began to look
about the house.

Now the little old woman had left
her hard cushion crooked in the chair
of the great, huge bear.



"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the great, huge bear in his great, huge voice.

Now the little old woman had squatted down the cushion of the middle-sized bear.

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair," said he in his middle-sized voice.

And you know what the little old woman had done to the third chair!

"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom out of it," said the small, wee bear in his small, wee voice.

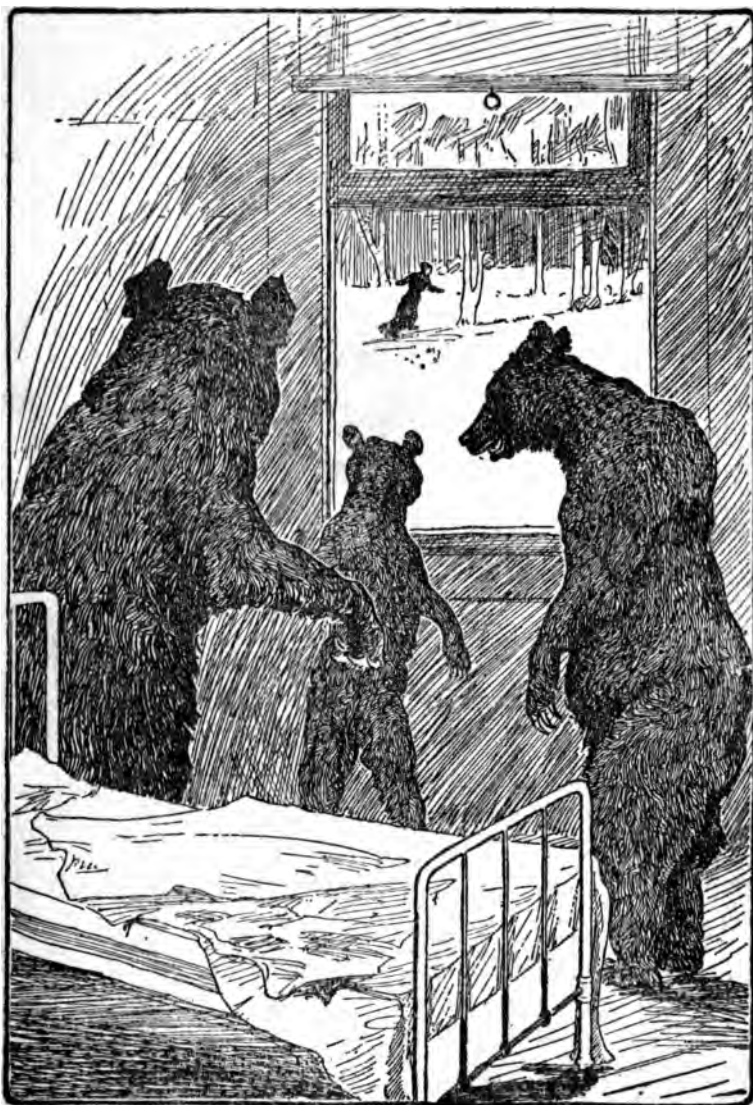
Then the three bears went up stairs to their bed chamber.

Now the little old woman had crumpled the pillow of the great, huge bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED," said the great, huge bear in his great, huge voice.

And the little old woman had pulled





Through the woods she ran as fast as the wind.

the bolster of the middle-sized bear quite crooked.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed," said he in his middle-sized voice.

And when the small, wee bear came to look at his bed, there was the pillow smooth and the bolster straight, but in the bed was the little old woman.

"Somebody has been lying in my bed, and here she is," said the small, wee bear in his small, wee voice.

When the little old woman heard the shrill voice of the small, wee bear she awoke at once.

Up she jumped, and when she saw the three bears looking at her from one side of the bed out she tumbled at the other side, and she ran to the window.

Now the three bears were good, tidy bears, and always opened the window of their bed chamber when they got up in the morning.



The little old woman jumped out. And off through the woods she ran as fast as the wind.

The bears never found her, but they hoped she changed to a polite little old woman who never went into strange houses.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry. Leaves often cry when the wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the little leaf said: "The wind just told me that one day it will pull me off. It will throw me to die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew. The branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf: "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly. You shall not go until you want to."

And so the leaf stopped crying, and went on nestling and singing.

Every time the tree shook itself, the branches shook themselves. Then the little twig shook itself. And the little

leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

So it grew all summer long until October.

And when the bright days of autumn came the little leaf saw all the other leaves around it growing very beautiful. Some were yellow. Some were red. Some were both yellow and red.

Then the little leaf asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: "All the leaves are getting ready to fly away. They are putting on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and it grew very beautiful in thinking of it. When it was very gay in color it saw that the branches of the tree had no color at all.

So the little leaf said: "Oh, branches, why have you no color when we are yellow and red?"



And the branches said: "We must keep on our work clothes, for our work is not done. Your new clothes are for holiday, for your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came. The little leaf let go without thinking, and the wind took it up.

It whirled it over and over. It tossed it like a spark of fire in the air. Then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of other leaves.

And it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

THE STONE BABY.

The stone baby was lonely.

The builder had carved the stone baby. He had placed the stone baby high up on the side of a great building.

For years and years he had looked out from a little round window there. He had looked out over the city and had seen the homes of other little ones.

He said to himself: "When it was summer I could see the children at their windows and in the street. Now they keep well inside. From here I cannot see the big boys and the girls skate and coast, even.

"I wish that I could see the green grass in the square, and the boys sailing boats on the pond.

"Dear me, it is snowing. I don't find a cold nose and snow in my hair.

But I can't see even the children's houses if the snow gets very thick."

Just then there was a "chirp, chirp," in the air. Something flew right under the stone baby's chin. It was a little sparrow coming for shelter from the storm. "Chirp, chirp," it sang.

Then another sparrow came, and another.

"Thank you, baby, for a little shelter from the storm," the sparrows said.

"Oh, you are very welcome," said the stone child.

The sparrows nestled closer and closer to the stone baby. They made him warm and happy.

"Is it not pleasant to be of some use in the world?" said the stone baby. "The sparrows would not do this for a real, walking and running child."

THE LITTLE PINE TREE WHO WISHED FOR NEW LEAVES.

Out in the woods there grew a little pine tree. Its leaves were long, green needles.

The little tree did not like its needles.

"I wish that I had beautiful leaves," it thought. "I wish that I might have leaves different from any of the other trees. If I could have my wish, I would have leaves of shining gold."

After a while it was night, and the little tree went to sleep. The Angel of the trees walked through the woods.

In the morning the little tree had leaves of shining gold.

"How very beautiful I am!" it thought. "How my leaves sparkle in the sun! Now I shall always be happy!"

Foolish little pine tree! It was not happy long.



In the night a man came to the woods with a bag.

In the night a man came to the woods with a bag. He picked off all the gold leaves, and took them home with him. Then the poor little tree had no leaves.

"What shall I do?" it cried. "I will not wish for gold leaves again. How pretty glass leaves would look! They would sparkle in the sun, and the man would not take them. I wish that I could have leaves of glass."

That night the Angel of the trees walked through the woods again.

In the morning, when the sun peeped over the hill, it looked at the little pine tree. All the other trees looked at it, too.

How beautiful it was! It had glass leaves now, and they sparkled in the bright sunshine.

The little pine tree was happy all the morning. But in the afternoon black



clouds hid the sun, and the rain came down.

The tree shivered in the wind.

When the shower was over there were no glass leaves. The wind had broken every one. They lay on the ground under the bare branches.

"I will not wish again to be better than my neighbors," cried the little pine tree. "If I had big green leaves like other trees I should be happy."

Then the tree went to sleep, and once more the Angel of the trees walked through the woods.

When it was morning the pine tree looked just like the other trees. It had large green leaves.

But the leaves looked so good and juicy that an old goat who came along ate every one for his dinner.

"Oh!" cried the little tree. "A man took my leaves of gold. The wind broke

my leaves of glass. A goat ate my large green leaves. I wish that I had my long, green needles again!"

The Angel of the trees heard all that the little pine tree said.

The next day the birds flew to the little pine tree, and they were happy to see that it was covered again with long, green needles.

"Now we may build our nests here," they said.

"Yes," said the tree, "I will hide your nests with my needles, and in the winter I will keep you safe and warm."

Gold leaves, glass leaves, and large green leaves are very fine; but nothing is so good for a little pine tree as its own long needles.

HOW THE FIR TREE BECAME THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

This is the story of how the fir tree became the Christmas tree.

At the time when the Christ Child was born all the people, the animals, and the trees and plants were very happy.

The Child was born to bring peace and happiness to the whole world. People came daily to see the little One. They always brought gifts with them.

There were three trees standing near the stable where the Child lay. They saw the people. They wished that they, too, might give presents to the Christ Child.

The Palm said: "I will give my most beautiful leaf, and place it as a fan over the Child."

"And I," said the Olive, "will sprinkle sweet smelling oil upon His Head."

"What can I give to the Child?" asked the Fir, who stood near.

The other trees cried: "You have nothing to offer Him. Your needles would prick Him, and your tears are sticky."

So the poor little Fir tree was very unhappy. It said: "Yes, you are right. I have nothing to offer the Christ Child."

Near the trees stood the Christmas Angel, who had heard all that the trees had said.

The Angel was sorry for the Fir tree who was so lowly and without envy of the other trees.

When it was dark, and the stars came out, he begged a few of the little stars to come down and rest upon the branches of the Fir tree.

They did as the Christmas Angel asked. The Fir tree shone with a beautiful light.

At that moment the Christ Child

opened His eyes. He had been asleep. As the lovely light from the tree fell upon Him He smiled.

Every year people keep the dear Christ Child's birthday by giving gifts to each other.

Every year, in remembrance of His first birthday, the Christmas Angel places in every house a fir tree.

Covered with starry candles it shines for the children as the stars shone for the Christ Child.

The Fir tree is our Christmas tree.

THE SNOWDROP.

The snow lay deep, for it was winter time.

The winter winds blew cold, but there was one house where all was snug and warm. And in the house lay a little flower. In its bulb it lay, under the earth and the snow.

One day the rain fell. It trickled through the ice and snow down into the ground.

Then a sunbeam, pointed and slender, went down through the ground and tapped on the bulb.

"Come in," said the flower.

"I can't do that," said the sunbeam; "I am not strong enough to lift the latch. I shall be stronger when the spring time comes."

"When will it be spring?" asked the flower of every little sunbeam that

tapped on its door. But for a long time it was winter.

The ground was still covered with snow, and every night there was ice in the water. The flower grew quite tired of waiting.

"How long it is!" it said. "I feel quite cramped. I must stretch myself and rise up a little. I must lift the latch and look out, and say good morning to the spring."

So the flower pushed and pushed. The walls were softened by the rain and warmed by the little sunbeams. So the flower shot up from under the snow.

There was a pale green bud on its stalk and some long, narrow leaves on either side. It was biting cold.

"You are a little too early," said the wind and the weather, but every sunbeam sang "Welcome."

So the flower raised its head from the



snow. It unfolded, pure and white, and with green stripes.

It was weather to freeze it to pieces, but it was stronger than any one knew.

It stood in its white dress in the white snow.

It bowed its head when the snowflakes fell, and raised it again to smile at the sunbeams.

And every day it grew sweeter.

"Oh," shouted the children, as they ran into the garden, "see the snowdrop! There it stands, so pretty, so beautiful—the first, the only one!"

THE GOURD AND THE PINE.

Once there was a very tall, old pine tree. It had been growing slowly and carefully for many years. It was the oldest tree in the forest. It raised its head high above the others toward the sky.

One spring day the wind brought a little seed and dropped it at the roots of the pine tree. It was a proud little seed.

It swelled and swelled to see how quickly it could burst its hard coat and begin to grow.

It sent out two green fingers, and it clung to the bark of the pine tree. It was going to be a gourd-vine.

"I will climb to the top of the tree," said the little gourd-vine. "They shall see how quickly I can grow."

So the gourd-vine tugged and pulled

at its roots. They were nearly pulled out of the ground. It called down to them: "Drink more, drink more. I must grow faster." It held tightly to the pine tree. It climbed, and climbed until it was up to the top branch.

"Now, see!" cried the little gourd-vine. "The tree has been growing for many years. I began growing only this summer. See where I have come!"

The old pine tree only rustled its leaves and said nothing.

After a while a great storm came upon the forest. A high wind blew through the trees. It brought the snowflakes. The flowers began to hang their heads. The birds flew south.

The old pine tree did not mind the cold, for it had seen a great many storms. Oh, the poor little gourd-vine!

The gourd-vine had grown so fast that it had not grown carefully and well.

Its tendrils were weak. Its stalks were soft.

One cold night the frost touched it. The gourd-vine fell in a heap on the ground. Not even the old pine tree could hold it up.

That was the end of the proud little gourd-vine.

THE LITTLE FIELD MICE.

It was summer time, and in the field were many mice. They were happy.

Here, where they ran back and forth, were ripe peas, and wheat, and corn. They bit off the ears, and carried them to their holes. They ate without care or trouble.

Then came autumn. The reapers came with their scythes.

One morning the wheat stalks fell, so the mice had to run from the cats and the birds. They ran into their holes, and only came out to fetch a couple of peas or an ear of wheat.

But the grain was taken up, bound into sheaves, and carried into the village.

Food was scarce now in the field. Soon, too, came the plough, which broke up the ground. It tore up the little mice's holes.

The mice said: "Things are going very badly with us; let us move into the carrot field." So they did.

They liked the carrot field very much. The earth was loose, and the carrots tasted sweet. But along came the farmer to whom the field belonged, and he dug up all the carrots.

"The mice have been at the carrots," he said, as he saw the prints of their teeth.

Now the poor mice must go still further, and they scampered off to a potato field. But here, also, the potatoes were dug up, and the mice were driven away. They sadly took refuge in a clover field and dug their holes.

They intended to stay here all winter, but the times grew even worse.

The fields gave them no food, and the little mice were often obliged to run about a great deal to find a pair of cherry stones, or a hedge plum.

At last it grew cold, and heavy rains fell. Some of the mice found their holes full of water. These were really very bad times.

The little mice hurried off to the cities and villages and sought refuge, some in a barn, some in a cellar. But still they were chased.

The farmer shut his cat in the barn, and the mistress set her trap.

Poor little mice!

But at last came spring and sunshine, and fresh food filled the fields once more.

The mice went back, dug new holes, and were again glad to be alive.

THE CROW AND THE FOX.

One day a Crow found a piece of cheese. She took it in her beak. She flew to a tree near by with the cheese.

A Fox had seen the Crow. He wanted the cheese, so he walked over to the foot of the tree. Looking up, he said:

"Good day, Mistress Crow, how well you are looking to-day. You are so beautiful! Your feathers are whiter than a dove's! Is your voice as sweet? Let me hear you sing. I think you are the queen of the birds."

The Crow was happy to be so praised. She opened her mouth to show the Fox how well she could sing.

She could not sing. Her voice was loud and harsh.

Down to the ground fell the piece of cheese. The sly Fox seized it and ran away.



"Good day, Mistress Crow."

"That will do," said the Fox; "that was all I wanted."

The Fox had not meant what he said.

The Crow lost her cheese, and learned not to trust flatterers.

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THE TOP AND THE BALL.

A Top and a Ball lay together in a drawer with some other toys.

The Top said to the Ball: "Why should we not be the very best of friends and play together, as we are lying here in the same drawer?"

But the Ball, who was covered with morocco leather, and thought she was very fine, would not reply.

The next day the little boy to whom the Top belonged painted it red and yellow, and drove a brass nail into the head. This looked well when the Top spun around.

"Just look at me," the Top said to the Ball. "Am I not pretty, too? Let us be friends. We should be very happy, for you jump and I dance. There would be no happier friends than we two."

"Do you think so?" said the Ball.

"Perhaps you do not know that I am made of morocco, and have a cork in my body!"

"Yes; but I am made of mahogany," said the Top.

"Is that really so?" asked the Ball.

"Just as true as that I can spin," said the Top.

The Ball looked at the happy little Top and said: "But I want to be the swallow's playmate. Whenever I fly up into the air he calls from the tree top: 'Will you, will you?' and I have said, 'yes,' but I will always remember you, Top."

"Oh, very well," said the Top, "but you cannot play with the swallow, and you can play with me. But do as you wish."

The next day the Ball was taken out of the drawer, and the Top saw her flying high in the air.

She seemed almost like a bird.

Whenever she came back to the earth she gave a little jump just as she touched the ground. Perhaps that was because she wanted to fly again, or because she had a cork in her body.

But one time, when she was sent flying in the air, she did not come back. Although the little boy hunted and hunted, she could not be found.

The Ball was lost.

"I know where she is," thought the Top. "She has gone to the swallow's nest. She has gone to stay with the swallow."

The Top was very lonely. He thought and thought about the Ball. Although he spun around and sung his pretty song, he was always wanting her.

Many days and weeks passed by, and the Top was growing old. His red and yellow paint had worn off. The little boy

did not play with him as much as he used to.

One day the Top was gilded all over. He looked like a gold top. The little boy thought him more beautiful than ever before.

The Top spun, and sang, and jumped about. But all at once he went too high and was lost. They searched everywhere, but no one could find the gold Top.

Where had he gone?

He had jumped into the dust bin, where all sorts of dust and rubbish had fallen from the roof.

"Well, well," said the Top, "this is a queer place! All my gilding will be spoiled, and I cannot even spin down here in the dark. The little boy will be lonely."

Just then he saw something round and dirty, like a withered apple. It began to talk!

"Oh, dear," it said, "I have been lying here in this dirty place for weeks, with no one good enough for me to play with. I wanted to live with the swallow, but I fell in here. I am very beautiful, for I am made of morocco leather, and I have a cork in my body."

Then the Top knew that it was the Ball, lost so long ago.

Just then came a maid to clear out the dust bin. The first thing she saw was the Top. She took it to the little boy again, and both the Top and the little boy were happy.

But the Ball was thrown away. The Top never spoke of the Ball. He thought her a silly little Ball after all.

It is better to think of others, and not of yourself.

THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

Once upon a time there was an Ant who wished a drink. She went down to the brook for some water. When she went down the bank to drink she reached too far over the water. She fell in the brook. The running water carried her down the brook.

A Dove that sat on the bank saw the Ant. She was sorry for the Ant. She pulled a leaf from a tree and dropped it in the water.

The Ant crawled up on the leaf and the wind carried it along like a boat. The wind carried the leaf to the other bank of the stream. Then the Ant crawled off the leaf and up the bank.

The Ant was very grateful to the Dove.

After a while a hunter with a snare came to the woods. He laid the snare

for the Dove. He was going to catch her.

The Ant watched the hunter. When the hunter was about to catch the Dove, the Ant bit his heel. This made the hunter jump and the Dove flew away safely.

THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

Once upon a time there was a big dog, and the butcher gave him a bone. He took the bone in his mouth and walked through the streets, feeling very proud. He held his head high, and his tail very stiff. He did not look to the right nor to the left.

The little dogs ran behind him and barked. They said:

"Please let us smell of your bone." But the big dog would not stop. He wanted to sit down and eat his bone alone. He would not let the hungry little dogs even smell of it.

Then he thought that he would bury the bone. He went on and on a long way. He wanted to find a place where no one would see it. There he would bury his bone and dig it up some other day to eat.



“Who is that dog?” he said to himself.

At last the big dog had gone farther than the town. He came to a clear brook. A board was laid across the brook for a bridge. The big dog started across the bridge, holding the bone more tightly.

"There is no dog here to see me," he said

Just as he set foot on the bridge he saw another dog. This dog had a bone in his mouth. He seemed to be running along on top of the water.

"Who is that dog?" he said to himself.

When he stood still, the dog on the water stood still. When he went on, the other dog went on. When he turned his head, the dog in the water turned his head.

"I do not like that dog," said the big dog. "I shall take his bone away from him."

The big dog leaned over the edge of the water. He opened his mouth very

wide to take away the bone from the dog in the water.

Splash! The big dog's bone fell down in the water. There was no other dog in the water. It was the big dog's shadow.

The bone sailed away where he could not reach it.

He had no bone because he had been selfish.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A Crow was very, very thirsty. He found a pitcher. There was a little water in the pitcher.

The water was so low that the Crow could not reach it with his bill. He stretched his neck.

He stood on the tips of his toes. Still he could not reach the water in the pitcher.

The Crow tried to think how he could reach the water. He hit the pitcher to break it. He could not break it, for it was too strong.

He pushed the pitcher to tip it over. He could not tip over the pitcher, for it was too heavy.

At last the Crow thought how he could get a drink.

He picked up a pebble. He dropped the pebble in the pitcher. He picked up

another pebble and dropped it in the pitcher.

The Crow picked up many pebbles and dropped them, one by one, in the pitcher.

As he dropped in each pebble the water in the pitcher rose a little.

When the Crow had dropped all the pebbles in the pitcher, the water rose to the top. Now he could reach it with his bill.

Then the Crow drank as much water as he wanted. The Crow's will had made a way.



THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

It was summer time and the sun shone.

Out in the fields a little Ant was very busy. He was picking up grains of corn. The corn was for him to eat when winter came.

A Grasshopper danced in the grass near the Ant. He was not picking up grains of corn. The Grasshopper said to the Ant:

"Come and play with me. It is summer time. Do not work."

But the Ant said to the Grasshopper: "I am picking up grains of corn to eat when winter comes. What will you have to eat in the winter?"

The Grasshopper said: "This is not the time to think about the winter. It is summer, and the winter is far away."

So the Grasshopper danced in the

grass, and the Ant was very busy. He was picking up grains of wheat. The wheat was for him to eat when winter came. Again the Grasshopper said to the Ant:

"Come and play with me. It is summer time. Do not work."

But the Ant said to the Grasshopper: "I am picking up grains of wheat to eat when winter comes. What will you have to eat in the winter?"

Again the Grasshopper said: "This is not the time to think about the winter. It is summer, and the winter is far away."

All summer the Grasshopper danced in the grass. All summer the Ant was busy gathering grains of corn and wheat.

Then it came winter time. The snow covered up all the grain. The Grasshopper was cold. He was hungry, for he had gathered no grain in the summer. He went to the Ant's house and said:

"Please give me something to eat. I am hungry."

"What did you do in the summer time?" asked the Ant.

"I danced in the grass," said the Grasshopper.

"Dance now, then!" said the Ant.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

One day the Wind and the Sun were talking together.

"I am stronger than you," the Sun said to the Wind.

"No! I am stronger than you," the Wind said to the Sun.

Then they talked together of what they could do.

"I bring the summer," said the Sun. "I ripen the fruit and the grain. I bring all the flowers."

"I can break all the trees," said the Wind. "I blow the ships. I can bring the cold winter."

The Wind and the Sun quarreled together. They talked a long time, and each thought it was the stronger.

Then they saw a traveler coming. They said that they would try to see which could make the traveler take off

his coat. The one that could do this would be the stronger one.

The Wind tried first. The Sun went behind a cloud to let the Wind blow hard upon the traveler. The harder it blew the closer the traveler held his coat.

The Wind blew as hard as it could. The traveler buttoned his coat and turned up the collar. The Wind could not make him take off his coat.

The Sun came out. It sent warm sunbeams down upon the traveler's head. The traveler opened his coat. Then he took it off.

So the cold Wind knew that the warm Sun was the stronger one. It was stronger because it was kind.

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 428.42 For the children's hour.

NAME	DATE	NAME	DATE
With Eastman	JUN 9 1919	J. J. R. Bailey	JUN 11 1924
	6-23-21		DEC 20 1937
	11-19-27		
	13-13-1926		
	10-9-1927		
	OCT 28 1930		
	10-28-1931		

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